

THE DISPATCH.

VOL. 9. NO. 23.

WOODSTOCK, N. B., NOVEMBER 5, 1902.

PRICE TWO CENTS

IT DOES A MAN GOOD

To get inside of one of our

NEW RAGLAN OVERCOATS,

They are so Comfortable, so Stylish, and so Cheap.

Come in and look them over. For stylish, up-to-date Clothing, Hats, Caps and Furnishings, at reasonable prices, always come here.

John McLauchlan,

Boys' and Men's Leading Clothier, Hatter and Furnisher.

MEN'S CLOTHING.

Rare Chances for Saving.



This is the clothing harvest time. We are in the midst of clearing up stocks—and everywhere the pruning knife is cutting a wide swath. A third to a half off regular prices means something when you remember that as makers who retail our regular prices are acknowledgedly the very lowest. You can pick up some very big bargains now. Don't wait until the last minute before taking advantage of this sale. Come today.

\$6 Men's Suits, - - \$3.75

If we offered good dollars for 80 cents you wouldn't get a better bargain than this. Striped Chevots, Striped Cassimeres and Checked Cassimeres.

\$10 Suits at - - \$7.00

Fashionable Pattern, Sterling Quality, Perfect Fit, and a wonderful bargain.

\$12 Suits at - - \$8.00

Here you are offered the choice of Striped Flannels, Check Worsteds, Striped Chevots and Fancy Chevots.

\$16 Suits at - - \$12.00

These suits are all of the very Latest Style and Finest Making, including Striped Worsteds, Check Worsteds, and Fancy Cassimeres in neat striped effect.

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A Straight Shoe Stock

At Dickinson's Shoery.

Every new idea that's right.
Every new style that fits.
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Every new shoe that's wanted.
Goods right. Prices right.

A big stock of Shoes which comprise a full line for
Men, Women,
Boys, Youths,
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J. D. DICKINSON & SON,

NO. 16, CONNELL'S BLOCK,

Main St., Woodstock.

AMALGAMATION A GREAT SUCCESS.

The MANUFACTURERS and TEMPERANCE AND GENERAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY

Has had a Record Year during 1901.

Applications received for nearly.....\$ 6,000,000
Increase over 1900 almost.....1,000,000
Total business in force over.....27,000,000

Nothing succeeds like success.

The E. R. MACHUM, CO. Ltd.

T. A. LINDSAY,

Mgrs. Maritime Provinces, St. John, N. B.

Special Agent, Woodstock, N. B.

A Good Recommendation.

The young Englishman who was interviewed by the police on the streets of Woodstock last week is quite above suspicion as far as personal character goes, as may be seen by the following letter which he showed THE DISPATCH:—

The Liverpool Lighterage Co. Ltd.,
HENRY BLOOR Manager and Secretary.
Liverpool, June 14th, 1902.

We are very pleased to certify that Albert Mabe has been in the service of this company for the past six years, and in that of the writer for two years previously. He is therefore thoroughly well known to us, and we can confidently recommend him for any position in which honesty, truthfulness and the utmost reliability, together with a sincere desire to promote the interests of his employer, are necessary qualifications. Having been with us for so many years, and given such complete satisfaction, it is with feelings of regret we part with him, at the same time as he thinks he can do better in a new country, (but still under the Union Jack), we are obliged to accept the situation. We wish him well in his new career, and trust his success may be equal to his deserts, which are many.

The Liverpool Lighterage Co., Ltd.,
HENRY BLOOR,
Manager and Secretary.

The Vagaries of Red Tape in South Africa.

I was acting quartermaster-sergeant for some details and recruits of the Commander-in-Chief's bodyguard last July. We were camped about two miles west of the Standeron Railway Station. The lieutenant in charge asked me one morning, as I was about to ride into town for rations, to call at the ordnance stores and get a couple of hard sweeping brushes to clean up the horse lines.

I made out a requisition, which he signed. I rode to the ordnance stores and asked a sergeant if he could supply me with the brushes. He looked indignantly at my bit of paper, and said, "That's no use to us; you must get it signed by the major."

I discovered the major's whereabouts and asked him to sign the requisition. He's disgust on looking at my bit of paper was supreme.

He said, "I can't endorse such a thing as this. You must make it out on Army Form 7,000,021X, or something to that effect."

I told him we were only details waiting to join our regiment, which was due there in a few days, and had no stationery.

He said, "Then tell your officer to apply at Pietermaritzburg for some."

I explained that this would take some days, and in the meantime we had the nuisance of the horse litter in the lines.

He asked me if my lieutenant was the commanding officer of my corps.

I said, "No, of course not."

"Then he must sign under his name, for officer commanding."

I rode back to camp, made out a fresh requisition and got it signed, and returned to the major.

He looked at my paper, and said, "This is all wrong. You have got here, 'Required for Commander-in-Chief's bodyguard 2 hard sweeping brushes.' You must put 'Brushes, bass, 2.'"

I scratched out my offending line, and wrote as required.

"Oh, that will never do," said the major; "you must make out a fresh requisition."

I did this, and asked him if it was correct now.

"Oh, it'll have to do, I suppose," he said. I rode back to camp again and got this signed and returned once more.

The major was very disgusted, looked at my paper, flicked it, and said, "This is very irregular."

I said, "We are an irregular corps," and was promptly ordered to shut up and get outside his room.

In about twenty minutes the paper, signed, was handed me, and off I rode to the ordnance stores.

The sergeant looked at my paper in disgust, and said, "This is no good to us. We can't give you brushes on a requisition like this."

"What's the matter with it?"

"You've got to get it registered."

"Where?"

"At the major's office."

Off I went once more, and eventually a corporal placed my paper under a small press and stamped it.

Once again I went to the ordnance stores. "Is this requisition all right now?" I queried.

"Yes," said the sergeant.

"Thank goodness," I replied. "And when can I have the brushes?"

"You can't have 'em at all," he rejoined.

"Why not?"

"We haven't got any. We're out of them."

This Looks Like Business.

Mr. Craddock, the Ontario man who was here this summer looking for an opening to establish a mill and factory for the manufacture of wood for the English market, has finally decided to locate at Upper Woodstock. He has purchased from Mr. Albert Brewer a few acres of land on the shore just above the railway bridge. He has sent along a car load of machinery and expects to be here himself in a day or two with other machinery. From conversations with Mr. Craddock when he was in Woodstock it would appear that he will establish extensive works here and will employ a large number of men.

In the Equity Court.

Hale v. the Peoples' Bank of Halifax, Murchie et al was continued on Saturday up to 3 p. m. At that hour an adjournment was concluded by which the hearing was adjourned until the 11th inst. at 2.30 p. m. It was agreed that the bank should be at liberty to sell the timber limits according to the advertised notice of sale; that 20 per cent. payment should be required from the purchaser and that this sum should be received by L. A. Currey, K. C., counsel for the bank and by him paid in to the joint credit of himself and the attorney general; that the terms of sale should make the transfer of the limits conditional upon the payment of the balance in 30 days and that such balance should be received in a similar manner and paid in to the credit of the receiver general to stand in place of the hypothecated limits.

Previous to the making of the arrangement Mr. Currey concluded the cross-examination of Geo. A. Murchie and Attorney General Pugsley began his re-examination, during which several letters were put in, which plaintiff claims tend to show a partnership between Hale and Murchie and James G. Murchie and sons.

Poetry Versus Science.

For Sydney Smith to joke was not no great effort, but not even he could always joke so effectively as in the instance mentioned in "Memories of Half a Century." He was the guest at dinner of an archdeacon at whose table there were others of the cloth, among them one who was greatly interested in natural history. As the man rode his hobby to death, he was the prince of bores, and his entrance was therefore viewed with something like consternation. He was unknown to Sydney Smith, but his peculiarity was soon laid bare.

"There'll be no talk at all unless you can manage to floor him," said one of the men to Smith. "Can't you manage it?"

"I can try," he returned, gallantly, although with some doubt, for there was no telling to what branch of his crotchet the bore would turn.

The dinner began. The one or two customary toasts such as "The Queen," "The Church," had been honored, and there came a lull which was the bore's opportunity.

"Mr. Archdeacon," said he, "have you seen the pamphlet written by my friend, Professor Dickenson, on the remarkable size of the eye in a common house-fly?"

The archdeacon courteously said he had not had the privilege, and in spite of the discouraging looks on the faces of the guests, the bore pursued his advantage:

"I can assure you it is a most interesting pamphlet, setting forth particulars, hitherto unobserved, as to the unusual size of that eye."

"I deny the fact!" said a voice from the other end of the table.

All smiled save the bore.

"You deny the fact, sir?" said he. "May I ask on what authority you condemn the investigations of my most learned friend?"

"I deny the fact," replied the voice, which Sydney Smith's; "and I base my denial on evidence wedded to immortal verse well known to every scholar, at least, at this table."

The emphasis laid on scholar nettled the naturalist by its implication. "Well, sir," he said, as calmly as he was able, "will you have the kindness to quote your authority?"

"I will, sir. The evidence is those well-known, I may say immortal, lines:

"Who saw him die?"

"I," said the fly,

"With my little eye!"

The guests roared, and during the rest of the dinner nothing further was heard on the subject of natural history.

"What have you ever done about that mining stock you once owned?" I got cheated out of it." "How? I thought it was worthless and jumped at a chance to unload it on a greenhorn. It turned out to be immensely valuable, and the scoundrel who bought it from me knew it all the time."—[Washington Star.

Town Council.

The session of the City fathers on Monday evening was chiefly devoted to the discussion of street lines, and it appeared that in many cases private individuals had their fences on the street from two to fifteen feet.

The discussion started with the report of Coun. Lindsay, chairman of the streets committee, who had been asked to find out whether Mr. Albert Hayden was piling lumber on Main or Grover Streets, at a point in front of the residences of J. C. Hartley and James Watts.

Coun. Lindsay could not find Mr. Stone who made the survey of 1891 in which the lines of these streets were defined, nor could he find a certain iron post that had been driven down to mark the intersection of the lines of Grover and Main streets. He said that he had interviewed Mr. Hayden who thought he was not piling boards on the street, but was confining himself to his own land.

Coun. Balmain said that it was not wonderful that the iron post could not be found, because it was covered up by Mr. Hayden's lumber. He insisted that Mr. Hayden was using the street as a part of his lumber yard. Mr. Hayden should not be allowed to do this. He thought the committee showed a disposition to side track this matter. He moved that the matter be referred back to the committee with a request that they make a fuller and more satisfactory report.

Coun. R. B. Jones seconded the motion. He thought the iron post should be found, that the town might know just where the street line was.

On the suggestion of Coun. Dibblee, who had been a member of the board when the survey of 1891 was made, Mr. Donald Munro, who was engaged on the survey was asked to give the council some information about the street lines at this point.

Mr. Munro said he could find the iron post in a minute. It did not make any difference if it was covered with boards, he could locate it on top of the board pile. The post was of iron, about four feet long and had been driven down to mark the intersection of the west line of Main street and the east line of Grover. The width of both streets at this point was four rods. Main street at this point was badly encroached upon at the time of the survey, Mr. Munro said. For instance the W. P. Jones property, now owned by H. P. Baird, was 8 feet on the road at its north line and 14 feet at its south line. He said that at the time of the survey W. P. Hayden's fence was 4 feet 4 inches on the road and George Saunder's fence was 8 feet 6 inches on the road. Mr. Brown, Mr. Baird and Mr. Fisher had also been on the road but on being shown where the line was they had at once moved their fences in. All this information regarding encroachments on the road had been before the council in 1891 but nothing had been done about it.

The question of finding the iron stake with a view to learning whether Mr. Hayden was piling lumber on the road was referred back to the committee.

Steamer Aberdeen.

Owing to a slight accident the steamer Aberdeen was unable to come to Fredericton yesterday and resume her trips upon the Woodstock-Fredericton route. The small damage to the steamer is being repaired at St. John, and the steamer is expected here on Monday and will commence her fall trips to Woodstock on Tuesday morning. There is a lot of freight here for points along the river, and as the water is too high for the tow boats the sailing of the Aberdeen will be a boon to those living along the river as well as a convenience to local merchants who have sold merchandise to residents on the route to be covered by the steamer. The directors and the manager of the Aberdeen were much disappointed that the steamer was unable to resume her trips today, but the delay is unavoidable.—Gleaner, Saturday Nov. 1st.

The Companion's Christmas Packet.

Can you think of a gift more certain to be acceptable than a year's subscription to THE YOUTH'S COMPANION? Is there any one, young or old, who, having once had the paper in his hands and looked through it, did not wish to possess it for his very own? It is a gift which, far from losing its freshness as Christmas recedes into the past, grows more delightful, more necessary to one's enjoyment week by week.

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